Meekly



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Choice Boetry.

THE CITY OF THE LIVING. In a long-vanished age, whose varied story No record has to-day, So long ago expired its grief and glory— There dourished, far away,

In a broad realm whose beauty passed all measure, A city fair and wide, Wherein the dwellers lived in peace and pleasure, And never any died.

Disease and pain and death, those stern maranders, Which mar our world's fair face, Never encroached upon the pleasant borders Of that bright dwelling-place.

No fear of parting and no dread of dying Could ever enter there— No mourning for the lost, no anguished crying. Made any face less fair.

Without the city walls, death reigned as ever, And graves rose side by side— Within, the dwellers laughed at his endeavor. And never any died.

O, happiest of all earth's favored places!
O, bliss, to dwell therein—
To live in the sweet light of loving faces,
And fear no grave between!

To feel no death-damp, gathering cold and colder, Disputing life's warm truth— To live on, never localist or older, Radiant in Geathless youth!

And, hurrying from the world's remotest quarter.
A tide of pilgrims flowed,
Across broad plains and over mighty waters,
To find that blessed abode,

Where never death should come between, and sever Them from their loved apart— Where they might work, and will, and live forever, Still holding heart to heart.

And so they lived, in happiness and pleasure, And grew in power and pride, And did great deeds, and laid up store of treasure, And never any died.

And many years rolled on, and saw them striving, With majusted breath; And other years still found and left them living, And gave no hope of death.

Yet listen, hapless soul, whom angels pity, Craving a boon like this— Mark how the dwellers in the wondrous city Grew weary of their bliss.

One and another, who had been concealing The pain of life's long thrall. Forsook their pleasant places, and came stealing Outside the city wall,

Craving with wish that brooked no more denying, So long had it been crossed. The blessed possibility of dying— The treasure they had lost.

Daily the current of rest-seeking mortals Swelled to a broader tide. Till none were left within the city's portals, And graves grew green outside.

Would it be worth the having or the giving— The boon of endless breath? Ah, for the weariness that comes of living, There is no cure but death!

Ours were indeed a fate deserving pity, Were that weet rest denied. And few, methinks, would care to find the city Where never any died!

Select Story.

COUNT POMBAL'S CAREER.

On the 2d of Angust, 1758, a horrible scene to ok piace on the Amazon parade ground, uoar the Portuguese capital, the city of Lisbon. Thirty-two prisoners, heavily ironed, were led out on foot to that sinister piace, which was popularly known as "The Field of B lood." For here took place the execution of political prisoners, which had become frightfully numerons since Joseph Emmanuel ascended the royal throne of Portugal, and Jose de Carvalho (Count Pombal) had become the King's Prime Minister.

On this occasion, besides a full regiment of infantry, many thousand spectators had assem-bled on the parade grounds; the most of the victims that were to be stain were popular young noblemen that had aroused the suspicious or incurred the ill-will of the all-powerful Prime

So great, however, was the terror with which the hearts of the people of Lisbon were filled, that no one dared to utter a syllable when the mournful procession of doomed men came in sight. They presented a truly pitiful appear-exce. Yew of them were over thirty years old. All were livid, not a few shed tears, and groan-

All were livid, not a few sned tears, and groun-ed and sobbed aloud.

On arriving in front of the soldiers, they were ordered to kneel down. The clauking of their chains produced a horrible sound, as they obey-ed the order. Some, however, were so dazed, that they remained standing.

"Kneel down!" shouted the commander of

ie troops.
They knelt down, too.
"A priest!" wailed one of the vic-

"A priest! A priest!" wailed one of the vietims.

"Ah! I suppose you would like to have a
Jesuit attend you!" exclaimed the commander.

"No! His Excellency, Count Pompal, has expressly forbidden it. Die now the death of traitors to your country and to his Majesty, our gracions King, Joseph Emmanuel."

Six soldiers stepped forward and began firing
at the kneeling victims. The scene that now
second beggars description. The soldiers were
had marksmen; they cruelly wounded, but did
not kill the wretched men. The latter rolled
convulsively in the dast. Some yelled in their
agony, others mouned and grouned piteously.
Shocking to relate, ten minutes elapsed before
the last of them was dead. The spectators had
witnessed the bloody butchery, shuddering, and
in the most profound silence.

Grave diggers buried the victims where they
were lying, the soldiers started back to the city,

were lying, the soldiers started back to the city, were lying, the soldiers started back to the city, and the crowd slowly dispersed.

Two well-dressed men walked slowly from the "Field of Blood" toward Lisbon. "Dom Rayrte," said one of them at last, "this Count Pembai is a monster of cruelty."

Dom Rayrte shrugged his shoulders. "Dom Avila," he replied, "I think Count Pombal is a blessing to our country. Look what he has done for Lisbon. Three years ago, owing to that tetrible earthquake, our beautiful capital was almost in ruins. Count Pombal has rebuilt it more magnificent than ever."

"But our jails are crowded with prisoners of state, Dom Rayrte..."

"Who is to blame for it but the nobility and the Jesuits!" "Ab. yes. Pombal is a philosopher," said Dom Avila, bitterly.

"And he is right. A new era is dawning upon

the nations—"
"The new sun is rising blood red in Portugal."
"It is the fault of Pombal's victims themselves.
They would kill him, if they could and dared."
"They will first try their luck upon the weak
King, who is a heipless tool in the hauds of
Pombal; and I tell you the last hour of Joseph
Emmannel, is drawing nigh."
"You know it?"

"You know it!" "If you are the recipient of such traitorous secrets, Dom Avila, our acquaintance must

"I have no objection, Dom Rayrte."

They departed with sardonic bows. Dom Rayrte solicited, an hour later, at the alace of the Prime Minister, an interview with

palace of the Prime Minister, an interventionably Count Pumbal. The latter was unquestionably a genius, and believed that, to carry out his grand ideas of reform, it was necessary for him to crush the Portuguese nobility, and to expel the Jesuits from the country. To attain these,

he was inexorably cruel.

As for the King, he was like wax in the hands of his great Minister. Joseph Emmanuel, of Portugal, was a man without brains. He hated government eares, and all he cared for was women and wine. He would go off nights in diaguise into the streets of Lisbon in quest of amorous adventures, and had repeatedly thereby got himself into very unpleasant scrapes.

Dom Rayrte told Pombal what Dom Avila had said to him. The minister thanked him, and said that measures should be taken to protect the life of his Majesty.

As soon as his visitor was gone, Pomb al's face brightend considerably.

"Yes. I will protect his Mujestr's life." he said to himself; "but nothing would suit me better than have the conspirators make some attempts to kill the King, whom my detect ives shall closely watch and protect."

King Joseph Emmanuel went on another love expedition, in disguise, during the night of the 3d to the 4th of September. He was alone, and went to the rooms of a very handsome milliner, with whom he had become previously acquainted. He knocked at the door, but there was no response. Looking through the key-hole, the amored King perceived that his inamorata was in the arms of a young man.

Joseph Emmanuel uttered a cry of rage, and forced upon the door. The milliner's paramora

Joseph Emmanuel uttered a cry of rage, and forced upon the door. The milliner's parameter angrily confronted him. The King drew a digger, and rushed at the young man, who drew a pistol and fired at his sovereign, but missed him.

him.

A moment later, three officers of the Hermandad rashed in and seized the young man, who proved to be the young Marchese de Tavare, the only son of one of the most distinguished noblemen of the kingdom.

While the King hurried back to the royal palace, the young prisoner was taken before Count Pombal, who, however, was unable to elicit anything from him.

The prisoner was searched, and on his person was found a curious list of names, ambracing

anything from him.

The prisoner was searched, and on his person was found a curious list of names, embracing all prominent men known to be hostile to Count Pombal. The latter laughed triumphantly, as he glauged over the list. he glauced over the list,
"Ab, Senor de Tavora," he exclaimed, "this

seals the doom of all your conspirators."
"We are no conspirators," exclaimed the pris-

"My men," said the Prime Minister to the officers, "take this nice young man to the Boadjason, (the executioner's house,) and have his sthroat cut there. When he dies, let me know."

The prisoner begged for mercy, but the officers violently dragged him away. Ten minutes afterwards, he found himself in a large wooden chair, with his hands firmly tied. The executioner bent his bend back, and drew a very sharp knife across his throat. Then he broke the poor fellow's neck by jerking his head violently back. The young Marchese was dead.

Next morning, Pombal laid all the facts before the King, who was greatly frightened, and gave his Prime Minister full power to deal with the alleged conspirators.

Pombal did nothing until the 13th of December, when he gave a banquet to all the Portuguese nobility—a magnificent banquet—in honor of the wedding of his only daughter.

The old Marchese of Tavora was present. He did not know the terrible fate that had befallen his poor son. "My men," said the Prime Minister to the of-

did not know the terrible fate that had befallen his poor son.

During the banquet, fifty soldiers entered the hall. The captain commanding them, read the following paper to the astonished guests:

"By order of the King: Arrest the Duke de Aveyro, the Marchese de Tavora, and the Jesuit Malagrida."

The three prisoners were rudely hustled out of the hall, and flung into loathsome dungeons. Pombal constituted a peculiar tribunal for their trial. It consisted of himself and one member of the Supreme Court, known to be his submissive tool.

of the Supreme Court, known to be his submissive tool.

The Duke de Aveyro and the Marchese de Tavora, both aged men, made partial confessions. Although they revoked them afterwards, they were found guilty of high treason, and on the 13th of January, 1759, they were publicly broken on the wheel.

The sons and sons in-law of the Duke were strangled, and the wife of the Marchese de Tavora was beheaded.

Every man on the list taken from young Tavora, was incarecrated, and secretly killed.

Malagrida, the Jesuit, was handed over to the Inquisition, who was hostile to his order, and caused him to be burned at the stake. Then a royal decree, expelling the Jesuits from Portugal, was promulgated. The Fathers were thrust into the hold of a leaky ship, and sent to Rome. Of 122, only 84 survived the trip.

Thus Pombal had achieved a great triumph, but it was not of long duration. A few years later, he was hurled from power, and finally died in poverty and obscurity.

died in poverty and obscurity.

DAWN ON THE MOON.

The Lunar Wonders Revenled by the Advancing Sunlight. A Rochester journalist who visited Prof. Swift the other evening, and had a view of the moon, says: "The telescope, with a power of thirty-six diameters, was turned upon the moon. At first, the flood of light was blinding, and the view was but carsory. The moon looked like a shield of embossed silver—the shield of Achilles—hung by his goddess mother in the azure of the heavens. Prof. Swift looked over the field, and noted as he looked, many of the interest-

shield of embossed silver—the shield of Achilles—hung by his goddless mother in the azure of the heavens. Prof. Swift looked over the field, and noted as he looked, many of the interesting points, and suggested that we follow the sunrise on the moon. On the moon, the dawn advanced at the rate of ten miles an hour, lighting up new fields, and furnishing to him an ever-changing panorama. Still, there is na ught but desolation, yawning craters, and sharp peaks of volcanic mountains and circular walls with perpendicular sides that surrounded deep pits. The moon is dead, to all appearance—burned out with volcanic fires. No water laves these desolate and rugged slores of its great sea bottoms. But in the gray plains, where some astronomers think an ocean once spread, craters are seen with perpendicular walls.

The gray plains can be seen with the naked eye, forming what is called "the man in the moon." on a map like the eastern continent. Under the telescope, we could trace what seemed at first to be shore lines on the borders of this plain. On closer inspection, instead of wave-washed sand, these lines appeared to be but rounded steps, formed by successive lava bursts, spreading over the plain, and making, by the lessening flow, the gradual exhaustion of the volcanic force. From one of the largest craters rise three volcanic cones, the summits of which are tipped with smlight before the floor of the crater is lighted. In another large crater two cones arise. Prom the larger craters rays spread out, as though the volcanic force cracked the firm crust in its upheaval, injecting through the broken surface ridges of dazzling white lava, that spread out like the arms of cattle-fish, covering a vast surface.

The grandest phenomena are to be observed by following the sun on the moon. The advancing dawn forms a ragged crescent line upon the surface still in darkness. The sun's rays pass over dark chasms and low fields, lighting up ragged mountain tops far in advance. They appear like little islands of light lying off the c

mountain tops are tipped with silver far in advance.

The sunlight strikes upon the side of a circular wall of a crater, and there is a silver crescent, with a black space between it and the sea of light. Slowly the sunmit of other portions of the circular wall are lighted up, and then the sanlight invades the depths of the crater, while the shadow of the wall nearest the sun stretches half across the floor of the chasm. Frequently great gaps are broken in the crater walls, and streaks of light stream across the floor. The jagged rocks, in calm, cold beauty, shine and gluter in the fierce white light. The mountains are mountains of desolation, and the valleys are valleys of silence and death. They are wrinkled with the flow of lava, and torn with upheavals. The moon is dead. No air, no sea, no forest shade, or living thing. The moon is a never-failing source of delight. It is also awful in its suggestions of power and in its loneliness of utter desolation.—Rockester Express.

GENCINE AS TO TOUCH-HOLE.—Mr. Hayes' civil-service reform resembles the Revolutionary musket of glorious memory, which had from time to time been fitted with a new lock, stock, and barrel, but was firmly and always Revolution as to touch-hole.—New York World.

THE New York Tribune says that Bayard Tay-

Miscellany.

ADDRESS TO A BRANDY BOTTLE

You old brandy bettle. I're loved you too long.
You have been a hed measured to may.
When I met with you first, I was healthy and strong.
And handsome as handsome oo only be;
I had plenty of each in my pockets and purse.
And my checks were as red as a rose.
And the day that I took you for better or worse,
I'd a beautiful squiline nose.

But now, only look! I'm a fright to behold,
The beauty I boasted has fied;
You would think I was nearly a hundred years old,
When I'm raising my hand to my head;
Yet it trembles and shakes like the sarth when it quakes
And I'm constantly spilling my tos;
And whomever I openk, I make awful mistakes,
Till every one's languing at me.

The ladica don't leve me, and this I can trace
To the lear of my aguillan asse;
Like an over grown attrawburny stock on my face,
Still larger and langur in grown;
And I haven't a cent in my pochst or purse,
And my clothes are all dirty and torn;
Oh, you old brandy bottle, you're been a and curse,
And I wish I had never been born!

You old brandy bottle, I'll love you no more,
You have ruined me, body and soul;
I'll dash you to please, and swear, from this hour,
To give up both you and the bowl.
And I'll now go and "aign"—I could surely do worse
On that pledge all my hopes I repose;
And I'll get back my money in pocket and purse,
And perhaps, too, my beautiful nose.

AN OLD TRAGEDY.

Molen Jewett's Marder Porty Years ago... The Mystery Still Unsolved... Hobinson's Trial and Triamphant Acquittal... Seese of the Murder.

Many New Yorkers are still living, who remem-ber the stirring scenes attending the tragic leath of Helen Jewett, who was murdered on death of Heien Jewett, who was intracted on the night of April 9, 1836, while sleeping in her bondoir, at a fashionble resort, known as the City Hotel, No. 41 Thomas Street. Perhaps there never was a crime in any country that exceeded in interest, in the mystery and romance of its details, that which compassed the death of the fair Helen Jewett, and still remains as much a mystery as ever.

fair Helen Jewett, and still remains as much a mystery as ever.

The Police Court records furnish but meagre notes of the affair, but contemporary newspapers were alive to the dramatic interest of the case, so that extra editions were issued during the trial of young Bobinson, the girl's alleged murderer, finding ready bayers, and indeed inaugurating that feature of newspaper enterprise. The infant Herald ran up in circulation from 4,000 to 10,000 copies daily, Mr. Bennett himself reporting, as well as commenting upon, the absorbing event.

ing, as well as commenting upon, the absorbing event.

Helen Jewett was an inmate of the most popular, because select, resort of the fast men of Gotham at that period. This establishment was presided over by Rosina Townsend, whose admirers included many leading citizens and business men, but whose charms soon began to pale before the brilliancy of her younger confere, Miss Jewett. Scarcely out of her teens, with a beauty of form and feature seldom met with, and possessing a gifted, even brilliant mind, this remarkable girl was petted and courted by a host of men who might have improved her station. But all such offers Helen steadfastly rehost of men who might have improved ner sta-tion. But all such offers Helen steadfastly re-fused. To a few admirers she was all encour-agement, and others were peremptorily rejected. Richard P. Robinson, a young man 19 years of age, of prepossessing appearance, and with a turn for literary acquirements, was one of the favored few. He was a native of Darham, Conu., but made the city his permanent home, his place but made the city his permanent home, his place of business being No. 101 Maiden Lane, with the house of Joseph Hoxie & Company, hardware dealers.

dealers.

On Saturday night, April 9, so the first story ran, Robinson left his boarding house at No. 42 Dey Street, to visit his inamorata. He was in a jealous mood, and evidently meditated some terrible crime, for he "carried a small hatchet concealed beneath his cloak." Reaching the house, as Rosina Townsend atterward declared, at 9:30 o'clock, he ascended to Helen's apartments, and added a chamseage as hour large Midwight. cealed beneath his cloak." Reaching the house, as Resina Townsend atterward declared, at 9:30 o'clock, he ascended to Helen's apartments, and ordered champagne an hour later. Midnight had scarcely passed, when the vigilant Townsend thought she smelt the odor of burning clothes, whereupon she rushed to the door of Helen's room, threw it open, and to her horror saw the bed was in flames, with the mangled body of Miss Jewett upon it. Her screams brought a street-watchman to the spot, and before the fire had gained much headway, the body was dragged off, and the flames extinguished. Three sharp gashes across poor Helen's scalp showed where the fatal blows had been struck. She must have died without a struggle, for an occupant of an adjoining room heard no sound whatever. Robinson's cloak was found in the yard. The hatchet was discovered at daylight, in a neighboring yard, with a piece of twine attached to the handle, exactly corresponding to another piece of twine tied to a button on the cloak. Helen's youthful lover was at once suspected of the dark deed. Assistant Captain Noble, of the "Watch," or local police, repaired, with officers, to No. 42 Dey Street, and Robinson was found in bed fast asleep. On seeing the corpse he shuddered, but exhibited no other emotion. A Coroner's jury was convened at 8 o'clock Sunday morning, and Robinson was held on their verdict to answer for the death of the fair victim, after which he was hurried away in a carriage to Old Bridewell prison.

The scene of the tragedy, in Thomas Street, that Sanday morning, disclosed an excited populace, which had not then become hardened to deeds of violence of daily recurrence, surging about the house. It was a large, double, fourstory structure, located on the south side of Thomas Street, midway between West Broadway and Hudson Streets. The site is now occupied by a five-story iron building, used as a paper-box mannfactory by P. J. Hecker & Co.

James Gordon Bennett thus describes a visit in person to the chamber of death:

"The house is elegant

pillows, black as cioders. Stretched on the carpet, I saw a sheet covering something carelessly, as if flung over it. My attendant half uncovered the ghastly white corpse. It was a darkened room, but I began slowly to discover lineaments, as one would the beauties of marble statuary. It was the most remarkable sight I ever beheld. Not a vein was to be seen; the body was as white, as full, as polished as the purest Parian marble. The perfect figure, exquisite limbs, fine face and arms, and beautiful bust, all surpassed the traditioual Venus de Medici, according to the casta generally given of her."

the traditional Venus de Medici, according to the casts generally given of her."

Ontside the building, the crowd grew almost to the proportion of a mob, so flerce was the demand for a sight of the place and the dead body. The authorities were compelled to look to the safety of the building, by surrounding it with armed police, sheriffs, and watchmen. A morbid excitement pervaded the city, and everybody looked forward to the approaching trial of Robinson with such interest as only a case of this kind could generate. Several prominent citizens were surprised in the house when the cry of fire was raised, and when the murder became known, it was loudly asserted that a threateued exposure of Robinson and others led to the commission of the deed. The dead girl was buried in St. John's burying ground, on Monday, April II, at II a. m.

In St. John's ourying ground, on Monday, April II, at II a. m.

Ogden Hoffman, Esq., at that day the leading criminal lawyer in town, defended the accused. At the preliminary examination, Robinson de-nied all knowledge of the affair, denied that be nied all knowledge of the affair, denied that be was in the house, and that the hatchet had ever been in his possession. Hoxie's storekeeper, of No. 101 Maiden Lane, identified the latter article as the one belonging to the store. Bridowell prison was surrounded for three days in succession by anxious crowds, who tried to obtain a glimpse of the prisoner on his way to Court. Within a week, a pamphlet of Robinson's "life" was in extensive circulation through New York, Brookin, Philadelphin, and even Western cities. Messrs, Phillips & Maxwell were the presenting attorneys, and the Hon. George Edwards was the presiding Justice.

Finally, on April 20, a true bill of indictment was found against the trembling youth in Bridewell. The very same day, Rosina Townsend auctioned off her household goods, an immense throng being present to obtain, if possible, some

thing from the room of the dead Helen, or to witness the spot where the most sensational murder of the age had taken place.

It was observed that the sale of Sir Walter Scott's "Heart of Mid-Lothian" then almost new to American readers, received a decided impostas from the strange events just recorded. Helen Jewett's death, and the subsequent events, bore such a striking resemblance to the plot of "Mid-Lothian," that a new edition was imported to ampply the demand in New Yerk City. Scott's hero was a Robinson, and his heroine a beautiful, frail creature. The characters of both romances, one real and the other unreal, were singularly mixed.

ful, frail creature. The characters of both romances, one real and the other unreal, were singularly mixed.

On Saturday, June 4, so great was the popular excitement, that the law, order and government gave way to it. A strong faction, who believed Robinson innocent, were gathered about the Court of Oyer and Terminer on that day, at 10 o'clock, angrily discussing his chances of escape. Before noun, a yelling mob broke into the court-room, where Robinson stood, pale and trembling, but hopeful, before the bar. They drove the Judges and court officers out of the hall, seized the prisoner, and carried him away. The Mayor issued a proclamation, calling upon all good citizens to help quell the distarbance, and the police, Sheriffs, and all available limbs of the law were called out. The press called upon the Governor for the militia, and this would doubtless have been granted, had not Robinson, at the next sitting of the Court, on Monday morning, proved an alibi. This was obtained upon the testimony of Robert Furlong, Jr., a grocer of Nassan and Cedar Streets, who swore that "Dick" Robinson was one of his customers, in the eight line, and that they sat smoking and chatting together upon two boxes in front of the store from 9 to 10:15 o'clock the night the murder was committed.

Sufficient proof was brought in support of this

front of the store from 9 to 10:15 o'clock the night the murder was committed.

Sufficient proof was brought in support of this testimony to support the alibi, and additional strong points were raised in the young man's behalf, before the case was given to the jury that night. Within eight minutes after retiring, the jury came back with a unanimous verdict of acquittal. Then there was raised such a shout as never before shook the sombre walls of a New York court of justice. A tremendous outburst of popular enthusiasm followed, but died away in a few weeks. The real murderer was never discovered. It was supposed that the inmates in a few weeks. The real murderer was never discovered. It was supposed that the inmates of the house committed the foul deed, but no evidence was ever obtained to hold any of the demi-monde upon such a terrible charge. Robinson left the city for Texas, served, it is said, in the frontier skirmisbes against Mexican raiders, just prior to the Mexican war, and shortly afterward died.

afterward died.

Miss Jewett's real name was Dorcas Dorrauce, and she was born in Augusta, Me., where she was in infancy left an orphan. Her remarkable beauty of person, and witty, taleuted mind, made her many friends as she grew to womanhood. Judge Western adopted her, and sent her to a female academy at Coney, on the Kennebec River. While spending the summer at a friend's house in Norridgewock, Me., being then 16 years old, and a truly charming girl, Dorcas was ruined by a bank clerk, whose name was never made known. Her downward career then began, which ended so tragically in New York.—

N. Y. Star.

AN UNRECORDED BIT OF HISTORY. Benedict Araold's Narrow Escape From Death at the Hands of a Woman.

The recent death of Mrs. Ann Hinman Kellog, of Fairfield, Conn., in the ninety-third year of her age, recalls an unrecorded incident of the Revolution. Mrs. Kellogg was the daughter of Capt. Elisha Hinman, of the United States Navy, and her mother was the only American who remained in New London when the town was destroyed by the traitor, Benedict Arnold, in 1761. At that time Capt. Hinman's ship was hourly expected to arrive at New London, and it was hoped that he might come in time to save the town. Mrs. Hinman was well acquainted with Arnold, as he had often dined at her house, and had been a friend of her husband. Induced by anxiety of her husband's safety, she remained after all others had fled, and watched save the town. Mrs. Himman was well acquainted with Arnold, as he had often dined at her house, and had been a friend of her husband. Induced by anxiety of her husband's safety, she remained after all others had fled, and watched the entrance of the British from the doorway of her house. As Arnold rode up, he saw and saluted her, and said that if she would point out her own property, it should be spared. She pointed out the houses of several of her neighbors as her own, and thus saved them from destruction. Arnold "emained on horseback near her house nearly all day, noting the battle that was raging at Fort Griswold, on the Groton side of the river, where the tall monument commemorating the event now stands. Three times were the British driven down the hill by the deadly fire from the fort. Then she ammunition of its defenders became exhausted, and they were obliged to surrender. The British officer in command of the storming party was so curaged at the desperate defense of the fort, that, as he entered, he asked: "Who commands here!" Col. Ledyard replied, "I did, but you do now," at the same time surrendering his sword. The officer received the sword, and instantly plunged it into the heart of the gallant Colonel. An American afficer, standing beside his Colonel, snatched his own sword from its scabbard, and in a moment the cowardly Briton lay dead beside his victim. An indiscriminate massacre of all within the fort followed, and 30 of the wounded Americans were piled into a wagon that was rolled down a steep hillside to the bottom, where it was dashed in pieces against the traitor, that she hurriedly descended from the roof, took a musket from a closet where it had been left the day before by an American soldier, and leveled it at Arnold as he sat on his horse in front of the house. Taking a long, steady aim, she pulled the trigger, but the piece missed fire. Hearing the sump of the lock, Arnold turned and asked her what that noise was. With great presence of mind she had dropped the gun, so that he did not s

The Bank of England.

The Bank of England will be 185 years old the 27th of the coming July, having received its charter of incorporation at that date, and having been projected by William Paterson, a Scotchman. Constituted as a joint stock company, with a capital of £1,200,000, the whole sum was lent at interest to the Government of William and Mary, then much embarrassed. At the outset it was a servant of the State, and has ever since continued such more or less. The charter, granted at first for 12 years, has been from time to time renewed, the last renewal, subject to modification or revocation, having been in 1844. For a while the business was done in one room; now the bank occupies, as everybody knows, a large building in Thread-The Bank of England. was done in one room; now the bank occupies, as everybody knows, a large building in Thread-needle street, and employs some 800 men. Nothing less than a £5 note is issued, and no note is issued a second time. The average amount of notes in circulation is £25,000,000

AUGUSTUS WATSON, the man who invented the Augustus Watson, the man who invented the two cent stamped newspaper wrapper, of which so many millions have been sold, had great difficulty in getting it before the Government anthorities. The Government, which makes a small profit on every one that is sold, has had the invention free for seventeen years. Mr. Watson, who is poor, now asks for a small gratuity, leaving the amount to the decision and generosity of Congress.

MRS. ELIZABETH CHILD died in Boston the other day at the age of ninety-seven. She remembered seeing Washington when she was twelve

THE SPRAKING DEAD.

When the hours of day are numbered. And the voices of the night Wake the better soul that slumbered. To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted, And, like phantons grim and tall Shadows from the fitful fire-light Dance upon the parior wall, Then the forms of the departed

He, the young and strong, who cherished Noble longings for the strife. By the readside fell and perished, Weary with the march of life.

They, the holy ones and weakly, Who the cross of suffering bore, Folded their pale hands so meekly. Spake with us on earth no more! And with them, the being beauteous, Who unio my youth was given, More than all those else that love me. And is now a saint in Heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep. Comes that messenger divine-Takes a vacant chair beside me, Lays her gentle hand in mine:

And she sits and gazes at me, With those deep and tender eyes, Like the stars so still and saint-like, Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended, Is the spirit's voiceless prayer; Soft rebukes, in blessings ended, Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely, All my fears are laid aside, If I but remember only, Such as these have lived and died.

AN ANTIQUE CHARACTER. The death of Richard H. Dana, of Massachusetts, removes the last of the group who may be described as the second generation of American authors. His grandfather was contemporary with those whose few literary works distinguish the colonial period of our history. His son survives in a generation which is graced by the names of Longfellow, Holmes and Whittier. The poet who has just died was yet a lad when the works of Charles Brockden Brown appeared. As a young man he must have been inspired by the stirring lyries of Timothy Dwight, John Trumbull, and other revolutionary poets, who continued to write long after Dana's literary light arose. He was only eight years younger than James K. Paulding, and was four years the junior of Washington Irving. These names are historic. But after Dana came James Fenimore Cooper, Mrs. Sigourney, John Neal, Jared Sparks, Edward Everett, William Cullen Bryant, Fitz Greene Halleck, John P. Keunedy, William H. Prescott, and a host of writers whose names are identified with the history of American literature, but whose works and lives have so long since ceased that they already seem to belong to a distant era. Dana's life had nearly compassed a century. It had lapped over from the period immediately folowing the revolution to the second hundred years of the Rpublic.

In this busy and bustling age, when, like the Athenians of old, every man seeks to hear some new thing, we are apt to forget too quickly the works of those who were the founders of our young Republic of letters. The man who died yesterday not only saw the splendid star of flawthorne's genius rise and set, and heard Bryant's note swell on the air and die away, but in his time he contributed to the literature of his country many noble works, which won the sincere admiration of the English speaking race, and helped to shape the growing taste of the generation which followed hun. The distance between Daua, the refined, careful, and leisurely man of lotders, and the busy literary man of to-day, is widet than the gap which separ The death of Richard H. Dana, of Massachu ieisurely man of letters, and the basy literary man of to-day, is wider than the gap which separates his age from ours. The present generation has almost forgotten "The Buccaneer," a philosophical poem, full of lovely touches of pature, and underlaid with a visionary terror which suggests the old school of Facilish ballad

arates als age from ones. The presens generation has almost forgotten "The Buccaneer," a philosophical poem, full of lovely touches of nature, and underlaid with a visionary terror which suggests the old school of English ballad writers. Even those of our readers who recall "The Little Beach Bird," which was familiar to them in their school-book exercises, may have lost sight of the name of the author. Yet, these poems were familiar as household words to a generation of men and women who hung delightfully over the sketches of Eliza Leslie and the wonderful tales of James Feuimore Cooper. But Dana was far away from the newer race of writers, because he represented another and an almost extinct race of Americans. Born of one of the most aristocratic and honored families of New England, he had little sympathy with the hurried movements into which the men of to-day plunge so eagerly. His father was early sent to represent the young American Republic at the Rossian Court, and was subsequently Chief Justice of Massachuaetts, a man of wealth, position and honor. His mother was a danghter of William Ellery, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; and, for himself, born to an ample inheritance, and placed above the necessities which often drive men of letters into straits which restrain development, he has lived an elegant and scholarly life. He came of that colonial stock of which it has been well said that its scions "looked upon themselves less as the representatives than as the temporal guardians of the people. They endeavored to preserve what they conceived to be the necessary distinctions in society and in the municipal movements of government. They had a notion that the accidents of birth and education imposed upon them by their example."

Dana, not only by virtue of his antecedents, but by the force of dignity, and clevating them by their example."

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DEATH IN THE WALLS .- Yesterday Prof. Der-DEATH IN THE WALLS.—Yesterday Prof. Doremus evidenced by practical experiment to a jury how noxious gases may pass through stone walls. He affirms also the important fact, which cannot at present be too often aired, that the plastering of inner walls imbibes deadly germs of discase thrown off from sick bodies, and adds in evidence that several workmen were taken sick while scraping off plastering from the halfs of the old New York Hospital wards. Their sickness he ascribed to malaria dislodged by the tearing down process. Even Moses commanded the destruction of stone houses wherein sickness had been long prevalent. These statements show how vast is the possible field for improvement in architecture. The lurking death in the lath and plaster of our lowest grade of New York tenements is fearful to contemplate.—N. Y. Graphic.

THE sledge in which Napolen crossed the Alpa is still doing duty at Lausanne.

OLD WEE HALL IN PLANES. THE EMPTY SLEEVE The Extraordinary Mistery of a Noted Mary-land Family -- Memories Berived by the Burning of John Paca's Mansion--A Twin of the Waite Bosse -- A Tragedy---Gov. Pa-ca's Portrait.

QUEENSTOWN, MD., Feb. 10, 1879.

An empty sleeve is a tell tale thing. To the eye twill cause a tear to spring. Then, listen to me, while I weare. In rhyme the tale of an empty sleeve. Tis a simple tale, and yet 'its true, This tale that I relate to you.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1,129.

It tells, in silent tones, to all, of quick response to a country call; it tells the tale of a moistened eye, of a parting kiss, of a fond good kye: Of a march to the distant scenes of strickand a conflict flerce for a nation a life.

It tells the tale of a purpose high, Of an arm resolved to do or die; It tells of the sword and the sabre-stroke! Of a field where the storm of battle broke; It tells of the bouning shot and shell. That swept the field where brave men fell.

It tells of the carnival of Death, of the dying groun—of the fleeting breath; of the loud huzza when the fight was done, And the dear-bought victory was won; of the cheers from our gallant boys, who go In hot pursuit of the flying foo.

It tells that our banner, our pride and our trust, No longer by traitors is trailed in the doot; But again to the breate our fag is unturied. An emblem of freedom, a light to the world. Thank God, that once more the fag of the free In triumph floats over the land and the sea. THE PLAGUE.

Its Last Appearance in England Recalled by

QUEENSTOWN, MD., Feb. 10, 1879.

Two occurrences of the week have recalled vividly to the people of this out-of-the-way land the eventful history of the Pacas. On Sanday, the islanders of the Wye learned that Mrs. Marianua Eden Paca, a noted woman of her race, had just died, and on Monday they saw Wye Hall, the twin of the White House at Washington, and the most notable building in all Maryland, burn to the ground, with its stores of relies and rare mementoes of the past. Henry Winter Davis used to say that, apart from the Carrolls, the Pacas, were the most interesting family in Maryland. The family is now almost extinct. Gov. William Paca, of Wye Hall, Harford County, first brought the family into promitence. He was born in 1740, crowed to London, studied at the Middle Temple, was a hot opponent of George III., a delegate to Congress, a signer of the Declaration, the husband of a Chew, Governor of Maryland, and what not. Governor William one day sent his eldest son, John, down the Chesapeake on a cruise, with orders to buy an island. John rounded Keut Island, and sailed up a dancing, low-banked little river, which he called the Wye. The Wye runs up into Queen Anne's County, on the Eastern shore of the Chesapeake, for a few miles, and branches off into creeks, one of which is now ice-locked at the foot of this old town. Not far from the mouth of this river, John came upon the island that he wanted. This low, well-wooded, little bit of sea land, shaped like a dolphin, and containing 2,700 acres, was selected, and named Wye Island. John asked of his The last appearance of plague in England was in the great epidemic of 1665-6, of which Defoe has left an account second only in interest to Robinson Crusoe. Its last appearance in Enrope was in 1844, and since their oark knowledge of its history is almost entirely derived from the papers which Mr. Netten Radeliffe has from time to time contributed to the annual reports of the medical officer to the Local Government Board, or to the "Transactions of the Society of Medical Officers of Health." From these sources, we learn that plague was not recwell-wooded, little bit of sea land, shaped like a dolphin, and containing 2,700 acres, was selected, and named Wye Island. John asked of his father, then Judge of the United States District Court for Maryland, \$20,000, with which to build a massion that should be called Wye Hall, and become the centre of the Paca domain. The money was freely given—this was in 1791—and when John cast about him for a design, he learned that a mansion, to be called the "White House" was soon to be erected at the new capital of the Republic, the city of Washington. He accordingly sailed to Baltimore, and there met the architect who had planned the original design of the Capitol. The architect copied the design of the White House, and upon these plans Wye Hall was built, on the south end of the five-mile long island. Society of Medical Officers of Health." From these sources, we learn that plague was not recognized as existing between 1844 and 1858, but that ever since the year last mentioned, it has been occurring at intervals, in the form of scattered local epidemics, in various parts of Arabia and of Persia. These epidemics were so threatening, that Mr. Radcliffe, in a paper read before the Society of Medical Officers of Health three years ago, of which we published an abstract at the time of its delivery, called special attention to them, and to the high probability that the disease, if it should assume an active character of diffusiveness, would penetrate not only into Europe, but also to this country. He pointed out that Arabia and Persia were now in close and constant communication with Russia design of the White House, and upon these plans Wye Hall was built, on the south end of the five-mile long island.

The house had in its front a long, broad lawn, running northward down a sloping bank to the river. The building was in three parts—a large centre structure of two stories, with wings on the east and west, connected by a long hall. The main building contained a large drawing room, which extended its entire width, with doors opening on the north and south into large porticos, the gable roofs of which were supported by massive columns of brick, covered with mortar resembling stone. Over the main building were chambers for the family, and on either side of the drawing-room were chambers generally devoted to the guests. In the rear of the mansion extended another lawn—the south lawn—cmbellished with shrubbery. Approaching from the north, the visitor passed up high steps to a portico, along which extended Doric columns. A wide double doorway opened into the hall. Standing in one end of the hall, an adult at the other end looked like a boy. Opposite the hall door, was that of the drawing-room, the place of gathering for the family and guests. John Paca furnished the house in the most costly style. The drawing-room had six windows, and each was draped with a \$1,000 curtain. Upon the walls were mirrors so large that they were great curiosities in that day. Over the mantlepiece that surmounted the fireplace hung a life-size portrait of William Paca, copies of which are now in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, and at the Annapolis State House. On the walls were many other members of the family. Upon occasions the drawing-room became a ball-room, and over the polished floor the minuet was only into Europe, but also to this country. He pointed out that Arabia and Persia were now in close and constant communication with Russia by land, and with the Mediterraneau ports by sea, and that an epidemic or plague originating in the East, could scarcely, by any possibility, remain confined within the country of its origin. The intelligence that the disease, on the present occasion, first appeared among returned Cossacks may be true; but still, if it is intended to imply that these Cossacks brought it with them from camp into civil life, it is probably mone the less misleading. In 1877, plague visited Resht, a Persian town at the south-west angle; and it is more likely that the contagion has been conveyed a comparatively short distance from a place where it is not known to have existed at all. It may be presumed that Resht offers to the poison, every possible facility for preservation and for increase; for when the town was formerly attacked in 1852, half of the original population of 40,000 persons fell victims to the pestilence in the course of a few weeks. In the words of Mr. Consul Churchill, "Resht for awhile became a charuel house, a city of the dead; no living creature was to be seen in it, and those who had been abandoned by their frieuds when stricken by the disease, died of sheer want. When the people returned to their homes, the disease had spent itself, and the population was reduced to 8,000 inhabitants." No trustworthy statistics of the last attack can be procured, and it is only known that the malady occasions the drawing room became a ball-room, and over the polished floor the minnet was walked as it was nowhere else in Maryland. When John Paca, after a good long life, and a trustworthy statistics of the last attack can be When John Paca, after a good long life, and a useful one, too, for he cultivated his land, (turning the 2,700 acres into rich wheat fields, and sending the first exportation of bread stuffs from the United States to England,) at last died, his son, William B. Paca, feil heir to the estate. William B. Paca had three sons, John P., Chew, and James Phillips—both of the latter weak-minded. And so the family lived up to and through the war, being ardent Unionists.

William B. Paca lived at Wye Hall when the spring of 1875 opened, his sons having grown to manhood. On the mainland lived Mrs. Marianna E. Paca, widow of William's younger brother, Edward Tilghman Paca, and her son John, and brother, Albert Jones, both remembered now as manly young fellows. On the morning of the 8th of March, 1865, John and Albert were leauing against a fence by the roadside, when William B. and nis sons came riding by. William B., who seems to have been of overbearing manners, spoke harshly to his nephew, bidding him leap the fence and approach his horse. The uncle flourished a riding whip, and John feared that it would be drawn across his shoulders should he obey. He therefore stood by the fence and laughed. The two younger sons of William B. Paca, Chew and James, had their ducking guns across their saddles. As soon as they saw the laugh, they magranged the game.

ulation was reduced to 5,000 inhabitants." No trustworthy statistics of the last attack can be procured, and it is only known that the malady was not confined to the town itself, but extended also to the neighboring villages, one of which it is said to have been almost depopulated. Prior to the Resht epidemic, the last places known to have suffered were two Persian villages near the south-east angle of the Caspian. Taking the whole facts of the case so far as they have been made known in this country, it seems probable that the outbreak in Astrachan is a link in a chain of continued progress from east to west, and there may be reason to foar that the malady, in the course of its progress, has gradually assumed an increasing degree of virul-nee and of infectivity.

In the not improbable event of the contagion overstopping the barriers which the Russian authorities are striving to creet against its course, we in this country may regard the danger without undue alarm. It is of little importance that plague has not prevailed in England for more than 200 years, because the evidence seems to show that in the intervening time the disease has not in any way been rendered less formidable; but the provisions of our sanitary laws and the powers of local authorities to deal with epidemics would probably be sufficient to confine and localize any cases which might occur in England, and to render them merely "pathological curiosities." The Great plagne of 1605-6, found Londont in a state which we should now tegard as almost inconceivably filthy, and the present organizations for the isolation of the sufferers from infectious maladies and for the prompt suppression of epidemics had in those days no existence. Even now these arrangements are less complete than they might easily be made; but still they would, in all probability, give us sufficient secondly, on secount of the activity of the contraband comminications which would be certain to arise. There can be no doubt that plague might be arrested by quarantine if only the qua communications which would be certain to arise. There can be no doubt that plague might be arrested by quarantine if only the quarantine could be rendered absolute and complete, but this condition is one which has never been fulfilled in past times, and which the increasing complexity of human intercourse renders more than ever hopeless in the future. Our only inducement to adopt a measure of quarantine, if plague should visit Western Europe, would be for the sake of obtaining for ourselves exemption from useless and vexatious restrictions in other countries. It is the more reassuring to be told that even if we were unable to exclude the invader, we need not fear to encounter him, and that, in the actual sanitary state of the Kingdom, and with the previsions of the existing law, nothing but the reasonable enforcement of those provisions would be required in order to render plague a comparatively harmless visitor. It is none the less necessary that all port and other sanitary autherities should be aware of the disease may cast upon them, and should be prepared to meet any emergency which may arise.—Losdox Times.

and laughed. The two younger sons of William B. Paca, Chew and James, had their ducking guns across their saddles. As soon as they saw the laugh, they unstrapped the guns.

"I'll take John," said Chew.

"I'll take Albert," replied James.

John and Albert turned to run, but the aim of the imbeciles was perfect. John and Albert fell dead in their tracks.

William B. and his son, John P., were tried at the May term of the Taibot County Court, in 1855, and found not guilty. The imbeciles had done the shooting. Chew and James were tried at the May term of the Caroline County Court, and acquitted. They were imbeciles, and if the killing were murder, then the father, William B., and the sound minded son, John P., were responsible for it. So there was no one punished for the crime.

Shortly after his acquittal, the newspapers announced that "William B. Paca, 'a son of a signer,' had just been found dead, at Wye Hall, Queen Anne's Md." A year passed. John P. Paca, the heir of Wye Hall, moved about like a shadow. One morning his body was found stretched lengthers with his father's grave, a builet hole in his

go in. "What's that ?" exclaimed the crowd, thinking of bugs of Paca gold.
"The great painting of Gov. Paca, the signer of the Declaration of Independence," said the

keeper.
Yet the picture was not rescued.—Correspondence New York Sun.

signer, had just been found dead, at wye Hall, Queen Anne's Md." A year passed. John P. Paca, the heir of Wye Hall, moved about like a shadow. One morning his body was found stretched length wise with his father's grave, a bullet hole in his head, and a revolver in his grasp. Not many months after this fourth violent death, James Phillips, one of the imbeciles, took the pet dog of Wye Hall, and led him down to the river. He tied a heavy stone about the dog's neck, and moved to the edge of the boat landing. He raised the struggling, snapping dog in his arms, and gave a forward toss. In the nick of the fall, the imbecile's arme caught in the rope, he was dragged forward with the dog, and James Phillips Paca, pet dog, and stone, went into the Wye with a splash, never to come up. The maiden name of Mrs. William B. Paca was Phillips. She was an excellent woman, and loved her husband and boys dearly. She stood the strain for a long time, but at the last tragedy she lost her mind, and is now an inmate of the Baltimore Asylum for the Insane. One of the Pacas, Chew, still lives. In the spring and summer he can be seen playing jump-rope with the children.

Soon after the news of the death of Mrs. Marianna Paca, (who was a blood relative of Joun P. Kennedy, the anthor of note,) had reached Wye, a puff of smoke came from the extreme end of the right wing of Wye Hall. The islanders gathered quickly, shoremen ran across the fer mind, and tredgers stopped their work at the mouth of the Wye, sailing up to see the last of the Pacas. Several men hurried for buckets, many entered the Hall to save the furniture, but the mass stood with their hands in their pockets, while the wind whistling from the Chesapeake made havoe with the burning place. There was one thing to be saved, explained the keeper to a crowd, urging them to A Thief in Evening Dress.

There was a reception given on Monday at the house of Geo. John Cochrane, at 7 East Sixty-second street, by Mrs. Walter, the General's sister. The guests had nearly all gone, when a relative who was in the set of quitting the house met a gentlemanly looking man wearing a hand-some light top cont over evening dress. Although it was an afternoon reception, at which Prince Albert frocks are supposed to be the proper things to wear, the lady supposed him to be a tardy guest, and she made no objection to his admission. The stranger passed up the stairs, and the servant supposing that he had been recognized by the lady, did not mention his entrance. Later, when the family were at diuner, a servant descovered that the door of a bedroom, which should have been open and empty, was locked, while a bright light was burning within. She ran down stairs and gave the alarm, but before the men in the house came to the rescue, the gentlemanly stranger in evening dress had departed with the pockets of his handsome light top coat filled with jewelry valued at \$700.—New York Sex.

COLOXEL NICHOLAS SMITH is lecturing on "A Dona Goodalk, one of the regular contributors of Scribner's, is only 11 years old.